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THE GHOST RIDER

A rotting corpse that haunts the old walls of an ancient, accursed inn with a scream in the night as scabrous hands tighten a noose of death about the throat of a terrified girl... and THE GHOST RIDER hurrying forward to confront the murderous demon that inhabits—

"The INN on SKULL MOUNTAIN"

It hangs on the bare branch of a dead Judas tree; this lantern that glows the way through the twisted canyons of Skull Mountain...

But on certain nights, a rotting hand thrusts itself into that lantern, and pinches out the candle...

And the swaying sunset city stage trundles on through the night, unaware that a different sort of light has taken its place...
Some miles beyond the light—
Dogbone! We must've taken the wrong turn. Never saw this place afore...!

How creepy! Almost as if it were haunted!

A grim place—better than the open, in view of the storm that's blowing up.

As sleep closes the eyes of the travellers, a grisly thing moves among the shadows...!

Aaaah!!!

Shortly after, in a dusty cellar room of the ancient inn...

Fine diamonds! Rare emeralds! Much money! HEE HEE HEE... I am growing wealthy.

Some months later, at a relay station along the sunset city—silver gap stagecoach route...

I've warned the driver to be plumb careful. We've lost three stagecoaches already in the skull mountains, and nobody knows what become of 'em!
THE GHOST RIDER

Do—Do you think anything will happen to us?

Reckon not, Ma'am. I'm Rex Fury—a Federal Marshal, I'll be on the lookout.

On one side of the stage sits Marcus Long, a drummer in men's wear, Ada Brentwood, and Rex Fury.

That's good news, Marshal. I've heard rumors of those disappearing stagecoaches.

It's frightening, isn't it?

On the other side of the stage are Rufus Hallowel, rancher, Dixie Trent, dancer, and singer bound for the dancehalls of Tombstone, and Lieutenant Henry Reyford of the U.S. Cavalry.

Answer's simple! Mung is raisin' Cain.

Oooh—will they go-scalp us?

Not while I'm around, Ma'am.

Rattling and swinging, the coach moves on across the sage flats. As night lowers across the prairie.

Reckon this must be the road. There's the light up yonder.

They have arrived! I must make ready to—greet them....
One by one, the guests enter the old inn...

Guess this is as good a place as any to spend the night, 'specially with that storm coming up. This bankroll I'm carryin' is perfectly safe.

I'll show you to a room, ladies.

Ooh, what a spooky place!

Might as well bed down right here.

Along a lonely, dusty corridor, a few moments later...

And the lieutenant!...this is no case for a federal marshal—this needs the grim attention of The Ghost Rider!

As Rex Fury returns from the upstairs rooms...

What in thunder?...Hallowell's dead...

A little later, Rex Fury has become the Ghost Rider...and then...

That was a woman screaming upstairs...
THE GHOST RIDER

AIE—YOU LOOK LIKE A GHOST—THE GHOST OF SOMETHING LONG DEAD AND BURIED!... BUT YOU ARE NO DEAD THING.

NO! NO! AH!... AH!... AH!... AH!... AH!... AH!...

YOU ARE ALIVE!—FLESH AND BLOOD! FOR I AM THE GHOST RIDER, AND I KNOW ALL WHO HAVE PASSED THE BORDERS OF DEATH, AND BELONG TO THE REALM I GOVERN.

A MOMENT OF PITCH DARKNESS! / THE THUD OF RUNNING FEET AND THEN... HE'S GONE! / HE KNOWS THE HALLS AND ROOMS OF THIS OLD INN BACKWARDS AND FORWARDS...

HE'LL COME BACK... I KNOW... HE'LL WALK... AND I'M SCARED...!

DO NOT BE ALARMED. I AM THE GHOST RIDER. SOMEONE IN THIS OLD WRECK OF A BUILDING HAS SLAIN TWICE TONIGHT. BUT HE SHALL NOT SLAY AGAIN. YOU STAY WITH MISS BRENTWOOD...

BELOW, IN THE SHADOWS OF THE LONG BROKEN BAR...
In a mad pall of terror, the corpse-like creature hursts himself frantically against a portion of the wall, hands scrabbling wildly... They demand vengeance! They demand your life— to pay for theirs!

No! No!... Get away... got to get away...

As those scrabbling fingers press desperately against the wall, moulding a portion of the wall slides back...

I'll be safe in this secret passageway! None knows of its existence but me!

Let them all die, then! In the red, searing flames! I'll burn the inn down around their ears! Then I'll slip away in the morning light with my loot!

No no! You cannot follow me in here! No one but me knows the secret halls and hidden rooms!

Nothing is hidden to a ghost!
THE GHOST RIDER

WRAPPED FROM HEAD TO TOES IN MY BLACK CLOAK, I WAS INVISIBLE AS I SLIPPED IN THROUGH THE ENTRANCE WITH HIM! NOW TO TRY MY MAGIC LANTERN ON HIM...

YOU ARE NO GHOST! MY KNIFE WILL PROVE IT!

YOU - YOU DISAPPEARED! MY KNIFE WENT THROUGH EMPTY AIR...

DO YOU NEED MORE PROOF?

YEAH... YOUR HEAD... RESTING ON TH-T-T-T-TABLETOP! ACHULP!

I THOUGHT SO / A CLEVER MASK / HANDS AND THROAT-COATED WITH GREASE AND PAINT - THE WAY AND ROUGE OF AN ACTOR!

I GOT NOWHERE ON THE BOARDS; THEN I DREAMED UP MY GREATEST ROLE - TO PLAY THE PART OF A DEAD MAN COME TO LIFE! I FOUND THIS INN - CHANGED THE SIGNAL LIGHTS TO LURE VICTIMS HERE. I KILLED AND ROBBED THEM TO GET MONEY! WITH THAT MONEY I HOPE TO RETURN TO THE STAGE, SOME DAY, IN MY OWN THEATRE...

THE GHOST OF THE HAUNTED INN PLAYS ITS LAST ROLE ON A GIBBET IN SUNSET CITY, SOME WEEKS LATER...

THE END
OUT OF THE DANK DEPTHS OF THE GRAVE IT CREEPS, THIS DEAD-ALIVE THING THAT BORE WITH IT THE TAINT OF THE TOMB. IT COMES TO TAKE ITS PLACE IN THE WORLD OF MEN, WHERE ITS BEAUTY WILL CAUSE MEN TO FORGET THAT IT ALSO HAS A THIRST FOR BLOOD!

THIS IS ANOTHER IN A SERIES OF WEIRD WESTERN TALES, ESPECIALLY DESIGNED FOR YOUR—ENJOYMENT...!

STORMS ARE FEW AND FAR BETWEEN IN THE COW COUNTRY, BUT WHEN NATURE DOES RAGE, SHE FLOODS THE WASHES, AND HURLS A MILLION BOLTS OF LIGHTNING FROM THE WEEPING SKIES...

YSABELLA DE ALVA RIACOMBA
DIED MARCH 16, 1799

KERRRRACKKK!

ONE BOLT OF LIGHTNING STABS DOWNWARD; IT SLASHES A TREE—HURLS IT AS IF IT WERE A PLAYTHING—SIDWAYS INTO THE GROUND...
FRESH AIR! IT HAS BEEN SO LONG SINCE — I HAVE SMELLED THE AIR! THE FOOLS THAT PUT ME HERE FORGOT THAT I CAN DIE IN ONLY ONE WAY.

SOMEBEFORE OUT HERE THERE MUST BE A MAN! A MAN WITH WARM BLOOD IN HIS VEINS! BLOOD I NEED TO — GIVE ME BACK MY — BEAUTY!

FEW MEN RIDE THE COUNTRY TRAILS ON SUCH A NIGHT. BUT SOME YOUNG MEN LIKE THE STORM —

I KNEW IT! HERE COMES ONE NOW!

N—NO! AAAAAAHHH!

MOMENTS LATER, THE OLD HAG LIFTS HER HEAD —

BUT NOW A CHANGE HAS COME OVER HER! NO LONGER ARE HER FEATURES TWISTED WITH UGLINESS....

...INSTEAD, THEY RADIATE UNEARTHLY BEAUTY! ONLY THE EYES — SLANTED AND GREEN AND WISE — REFLECT THE EVIL THAT DWELLS WITHIN.

...NO MAN IS STILL ALIVE WHO REMEMBERS YSABELLA DE RIACOMBA/ GOOD/ AND BURIED IN THE CELLAR OF THE OLD RANCHERO ARE THE BONES OF MY DEAD HUSBAND — AND THE CHEST THAT IS HIDDEN BENEATH THEM!
WEAR BARE FEET WALK FAMILIAR TRAILS. THE RAIN BATS DOWN, BUT SHE IGNORES IT. SHE IS GOING HOME...


FOR A MOMENT THE OLD DAMN WALLS OF THE CELLAR FADE AWAY. YSABELLA DE RACOMBA HEARS ONLY THE ANGRY CRIES OF MEN AND THE ROUGH RASP OF A ROPE ABOUT HER THROAT—FOR SHE IS RELIVING THE PAST, AND THE DATE IS MARCH 16, 1790...

YOU ARE NO WOMAN, YSABELLA! YOU ARE—VAMPIRE! TOO MANY TIMES YOU DRANK THE BLOOD OF OUR PEONS TO KEEP EVIL LIFE IN YOUR VEINS...

UT THERE IS ONLY ONE WAY TO KILL A TRUE VAMPIRE—AND HANGING IS NOT THAT WAY!

ONLY A STAKE THROUGH MY HEART CAN KILL ME, ALVAREZ! IT IS AS YOU SAY, I AM A VAMPIRE! AND I HAVE COME TO... DRINK THE BLOOD OF THE MAN WHO BETRAYED ME TO THE MOB...!!
THE GHOST RIDER

YES! YES! I KILLED YOU, YOU OLD FOOL! I DRANK YOUR BLOOD—AND WHEN THEY CAME AND TOOK ME AND BURIED ME ALIVE—that blood fed me through the years!

FOR YEARS I LAY THERE, WAITING... WAITING FOR THE MOMENT WHEN I WOULD HAVE LIFE AGAIN... AND WITH THIS FAMILY TREASURE, I MEAN TO... ENJOY IT.

IN THE DAYS AND WEEKS THAT FOLLOW THAT RAINY NIGHT, MANY MEN COME TO THE OLD RANCHERO. CARPENTERS AND LABORERS, PLUMBERS AND ROOFERS...

LEAN MEN RIDE UP FROM TEXAS, WITH LONGHORNS TRAILING THE DUST BEHIND THEM, TO BUILD NEW HERDS FOR THE OLD RANCH...

SHE SURE IS A PEACHERINO!

I DUNNO. SHE KIND OF SCARES ME!

IN HER BROUGHAM WITH ITS MATCHING PAIR OF HORSES, YSABELLA DE RIACOMBA BECOMES A FAMOUS SIGHT IN THE NEARBY TERRITORIAL CAPITAL...

CAME DRIVING WITH ME IN MY WAGON, YSABELLA! I WANT TO WHISPER SWEET WORDS TO YOU!

YSABELLA IS GOING WITH ME!

NO—WITH ME!

I'LL GO WITH ALL OF YOU, GENTLEMEN! ALRIGHT—HERE'S TO LIFE! LIKE THE CHAMPAGNE IN MY HAND, I WANT TO DRINK IT ALL—AT ONCE!

MEN COME FLOCKING AROUND THE RANCHERO DE RIACOMBA. THERE ARE MANY PARTIES HELD IN THE RESTORED OLD HOUSE...
THE GHOST RIDER

Life is a gay thing for Ysabella de Riacomba. There are parties and good times— but elsewhere on the range, strange things are happening.

Funny way for a man to die! I could understand a rancher shooting a shepherder, but this man has been drained of all his blood...

Others have died like that— without blood ma'am! But never a boy before...

He was such a good little boy...

Now a woman!

Needless of the stark terror that stalks the Rangelands, Ysabella de Riacomba rides the country with a new friend, Doctor Edward French.

Marry me darling! I am wealthy! I have a good practice! I can give you social position— wealth— all my love!

Yes, dear! I will marry you...

Your patients will have much blood to give me...

And so Doctor Edward French and the beautiful Ysabella de Riacomba are married. Part of the ranch— at his wife's insistence— Doctor French turns into a sort of hospital...

And at night, on soundless, bare feet, a vampire walks between the cots...
Suspicion grows in the mind of Doctor French as his third patient dies...

I can't understand it! No blood—none at all!

His questions find an eager listener in Sheriff Walker of the territorial capital...

Bloodless bodies? 'Course I've found 'em! All over the cow country! What's the answer, Doctor?

I'm not sure...

That night—do you know anything about it, Ysabella? Those bodies have been found since you came to live here!

I don't know a thing, dear! Why should I?

He is growing suspicious! He must—die! And after he dies— from an accidental death—I will leave this country and go east....

As Doctor French leaves the ranch on a sick call...

He always drives right into the stable before unhitching the horses. Now if there were a metal weight up above to fall on him...

There! The stake will hold the weight. I'll cut the rope—and the weight will be balanced on the end of the stick....

As he drives the wagon through the doorway, he will knock the stick aside! The weight will fall—and kill him!...
WHAT DELAYS HIM? I HEARD HIM DRIVE THE WAGON TOWARD THE STABLE—YET I HEARD NO FALLING WEIGHT—NO OUTCRY!

HE SITS IN THE WAGON OUTSIDE THE STABLE; HE DOES NOT MOVE!

HE IS—DEAD! DEAD OF A—HEART ATTACK—BEFORE HE HAD A CHANCE TO RELEASE THE TRAP I SET—WHAT A JOKE! HA HA HA HA HA HA HA!

THE NIGHT WEARS ON, THE MINUTES DRAGGING INTO HOURS, AND THEN—

HA HA HA! I CAN'T STOP LAUGHING! IT'S SUCH A JOKE—CHAWAH!

SHREIKING WITH HYSTERICAL LAUGHTER, WEAK WITH WICKED MIRTH, YSABELLA DE RIACOMBA STAGGERS INTO THE LIVERY STABLE DOOR—

AND THEN, HURTLING DOWN FROM ABOVE—

THE STAKE! I FORGOT ABOUT THE STAKE!

ONLY A STAKE PIERCING THE HEART CAN KILL A VAMPIRE!

I SET OFF THE TRAP MYSELF! BUT IT—MISSED ME!
REST IN PEACE, THE TOMBSTONE SAID...
BUT IN THE DEAD OF NIGHT A SHADOWY FIGURE
CAME SLOWLY CREEPING... SOON SOUNDS OF
SHOVELING SCAPED THINLY AGAINST THE
DANK NIGHT AIR. THEN... GLEAMING LIKE AN EYE
OF EVIL, OVER THE OPEN COFFIN SLOWLY ROSE

"The Knife in the Night!"

HEE-HEE-HEE-HEE-HEE-HEE-HEE-HEE!

WHO IS HE WHO WAITS OVER THE MOONLIT ROAD,
AND WHY DOES HE CHUCKLE SO EERILY?
THE GHOST RIDER

WHAT EES HAPPEN? WHY DO WE STOP IN THIS DARK PLACE? I AM FRENCH CITIZEN— I WEE NOT TOLERATE ANY DELAY!

There is no answer in words—only a hand slowly reaching through the carriage window.

RAFFF!

THAR HE GOES! SHOOT!

My Pendant! He Stole My Pendant!

HEH-HEH-HEH HEHHEHEHEH HEH!

BLAM!

ZING!

BLAM!

ZAPP!

WHHEEEEEERG!

A Short Time Later...

Here It Is— Now, Gimme Another Smoke!

Good Work Weedy! You'll Get Yore Smoke Soon As I Finish Whut I Got To Do...

It Won't Take Long, Will It, Boss?!

Only A Minute, Weedy! Only A Minute...

HET HET HET...
WHOEVER HE IS, HE'S BEEN SMOKING LOCO WEED — SEE THE PUPILS OF HIS EYES?

I KNOW THE VARMINT—HE'S WEEDY SMUDGEON.

HE...HE TOLD ME TO...

WHO IS HE? TELL US HIS NAME!

Rex! Quick! A horse got loose from Amos Drizely's funeral wagon! He's running down the French Gal!

HELP! HELP!

CRASH!

HAVE TO WORK FAST...HE'S ALMOST ON HER...

THAT WAS A CLOSE ONE, MAM. BETTER STICK IN YOUR HOTEL ROOM FOR A WHILE. TROUBLE SEEMS TO GO FOR YOU LIKE A BEE FOR HONEY!

Rex! Git over here fast — Weedy Smudgeon's paid!
Killed before he could tell us the name of his boss—killed in the dark! Something tells me the Ghost Rider better be called in on this case mighty fast!

Weedy Smudgeon is no good loafer who worked now and then for Amos Drizly the Undertaker... that is all I know, Rex.

Hmmmm... Amos Drizly... I think I'll be investigating him soon...

That night—That's Drizly's house up ahead... there's Drizly! Where could he be going in the dead of night...?

That's old Hal's grave he's digging up, my finger's itchy to stop the foul villain; but I must wait to learn what it is he seeks...

Stop!
HALF-FIEND WHO STEALS OUT BY NIGHT TO STAB A CORPSE!

YIN MEDDLIN' GROUCH! I'LL MAKE A CACHE OUT OF YOU TOO!

YOUR AIM IS AS BAD AS YOUR CHARACTER, GRAVE-OPENER!

SO THAT'S WHAT DRIZZLY MEANT WHEN HE SAID HE'D MAKE A CACHE OUT OF ME... HE USED THE COFFIN AS A HIDING PLACE FOR THE STOLEN PENDANT.

At last everything fits together! Smudgeon was Drizzly's underling, stealing in exchange for loco scenes. Drizzly, afraid that Smudgeon would talk, knifed him to silence him—tried to kill Miss D'etamps and came out to retrieve the pendant and escape! And now justice has triumphed through the killer's own murder weapon!

The next morning... The Ghost Rider left this with me, ma'm.

Merci, merci—where is zees Ghost Rider? I could kees keem a million times —
Will You Let Me PROVE I Can Make YOU a New Man?

Let me start showing results for you

5 inches of new muscle
My arms increased 1 yd.; chest 2½"; forearms'--O. W. V.

What a difference.
"Have put up 2½" on chest (normal) and 2½" expanded."--E. W., N.

Here's what ATLAS did for me!

For quick results I recommend CHARLES ATLAS

Gained 29 pounds
"When I started, weighed only 141; now 160."--J. N., N.

Here's what only 15 Minutes a Day Can Do For You

I don't care how old or young you are, or how ashamed of your present physical condition you may be; if you can simply raise your arm and flex it, I can add solid muscle to your biceps, triceps, and forearms--in double-quick time! Only 15 Minutes a day--right in your own home--is all the time you ask of you, and there's no cost if I fail.

I can broaden your shoulders, strengthen your back, develop your whole muscular system INSIDE and OUTSIDE! I can add inches to your chest, give you a visible, strong, and powerful. I can shoot new strength into your old backbone, exercise those inner organs, help you cram your body so full of pep, vigor and red-blooded vitality that you won't feel there's even a "standing room" left for weakness and that lazy feeling before I get through with you. I'll have your whole frame "measured" to a nice, new beautiful suit of muscle.

What's My Secret?

"Dynamic Tension"! That's the ticket! The latest natural method that I myself invented to change my body from the average, skinny-chested nothing I was up to 17 in my present supersized physique! Thousands of fellows are becoming marvelous physical specimens--my way. I give you no gadgets or contraptions to fool with. When you have learned to develop your strength through "Dynamic Tension" you can touch at artificial muscle makers. You simply utilize the DORMANT muscle-power in your own body--watch it increase and multiply double-quick into real solid LIVE-MUSCLE.

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TALES of the GHOST RIDER

IT WAS JUST A GAG, THOUGHT UP FOR A LAUGH AT A HALLOWE'EN PARTY—
BUT THE JOKE TURNED INTO A STRANGE REALITY WHEN

DEATH CAME CALLING

YOU!

I KNOW YOU! YOU ARE DEATH!
YOU HAVE COME FOR ME—!

THE PARTY TOOK PLACE AT A DUDE RANCH SOME MILES OUTSIDE DALLAS...

OFF TO ONE SIDE...

SURE, I'M GOING TO SCARE OLD MARK OUT OF HIS WITS. HAHahaha.
I'LL GET HIM INTO THE FORTUNE TELLER'S BOOTH—AND...

YOU KNOW WHAT TO DO, DAVE?
THE GHOST RIDER

DAVE! YOU ALL RIGHT? 

...YEAH... JUST A LITTLE INDigestION. HERE, LET ME GET THIS MASK ON AND GET STARTED...

GOSH, YOU SURE ARE SCAREY-LOOKING!

I CAN'T WAIT TO SEE MARK'S FACE WHEN HE GETS A LOOK AT ME!

AT THAT MOMENT, MARK STANLEY WAS DANCING WITH PRETTY NELL LORIMER.

OH, MARK—LOOK! A FORTUNE TELLER'S BOOTH! COME ON, LET'S SEE WHAT THE FUTURE HOLDS FOR YOU!

YOU DON'T BELIEVE THAT NONSENSE DO YOU, NELL?

WE-ELL, I'M NOT SURE! ANY-ROUND IT'S FUN!

YOU WISH THE FORTUNE TO BE TOLD, EH? SIT DOWN, PLEASE...

ALWAYS THE SAME CARD TURNS UP WHEN I SEEK TO REND THE VEIL OF YOUR FUTURE, MARK STANLEY! THE ACE OF SPADES! THE DEATH CARD!

MARK, I'M SCARED! LET'S GET OUT OF HERE!

THE CARDS NEVER LIE! SOMEWHERE—DEATH IS SEEKING YOU!
Nell Loring led Mark Stanley out into the garden, where a grim skeletal figure stood lurking in the shadows...

Mark! What...

"It's Death, Mark! He's come for you!"

Mark—run! I'm scared! Let's get out of here!

Right! We'll drive to my house in Dallas!

At that moment, beyond the garden...

Dave! Dead—a heart attack! But that voice in the garden—speaking to Nell and Mark—who was that?

I am Death! The death that comes when a man's time for living is at an end. I came for your friend Dave tonight...

He had a bad heart. He thought it was only indigestion, but Death never makes a mistake...

But Mark... you cried out to Mark! Did you come here for him too?

I cried out in surprise at seeing him here... you see—I have an appointment with Mark Stanley tonight— IN DALLAS...!
THE GHOST RIDER

Every night the cowled figure came, piling horror on horror. While the girl screamed, slithering desperately through the velvet darkness, where would it end? How? Even the Ghost Rider seemed to turn away when he saw the apparition beside the bed of

THE HAUNTED GIRL!

As the chimes toll midnight in Rosalind Prescott's bedroom...

NO, NO... NOT AGAIN!

COME WITH ME... HEH HEH HEH HEH! YOU MUST COME WITH ME...

PLEASE... LET ME GO BACK? I CAN'T STAND ANYMORE OF THIS! WHY DO YOU HAUNT ME?

COME...
Trancelike, Rosalind follows the shrouded figure through a panel in the wall, down dank stone steps... and suddenly...

Horror piles atop horror—

STOP! STOP!

HELP! HELP!

HAAHAHAHA HAW-HAW-HAW!

In stark terror, she flees into the rainy night, followed by the ghoul's laughter of her "tormentor."

Save me! Save me! They've come again!

Easy, ma'am, easy! What's scared you so? I'm Rex Fury, Federal Marshal. I'll be glad to be of help.

I'm haunted! Every night I see ghosts! You have to believe me, I'm not losing my mind. I really see them! There's the monk, the stairway bursting into flame, the flying skeleton, and the awful faces...

Sure, I believe you, ma'am. I'm on your side. Now let's go back in there and we'll have a look around together.
Suddenly the door swings open—

Rosalind, what are you doing out at night? And who's this man?

Rex Fury, federal Marshall, sir. Your daughter seems to be in trouble. I'd like to speak to you about her.

Hallucinations—All hallucinations—it's been going on for a long time. Frankly, I'm worried. She ran out through the open gate, you say. I'll have to speak to Hugo, my caretaker, about that....

Feel free to call on what's that on the floor?

If that was just a pencil, why did he jam it into his pocket so quickly? Hmm... Let's see now—how can I make sure his next visit will be his last?

A short time later—

Take my word for it, Hugo—there's no chance of that blasted dog getting hurt! Post him in the garden—I'm expecting an unwelcome guest!

I'll do what you say, but Fang better not get hurt—Fang's my best friend!

In another part of town—

See this small bone, sing song, I picked it up in the Prescott place. Looks to me like it could've easily been dropped by a flying skeleton, what do you think?

No ticket, no shirt, no shoes, you're not going in here.

I think the ghost rider better investigate!

That night—The Prescott Ranch—The massive watchdog roams....

Grrrrrrrr....

...And senses an approaching shadow....
NOW TO SEE IF IT TAKES A GHOST TO CATCH A GHOST...

THUNDERATION! A FOUR-LEGGED SENTINEL!

GARROWRRR!

DOWN! DOWN I SAY!

GARROWRRRRRMAMPH!

THIS SHOULD KEEP YOU BUSY FOR A WHILE!

JUST IN TIME...

NO, FANG, NO! I DIDN'T MEAN TO STAB YOU!

FANG, FANG—MY BEST FRIEND. HE SAID THERE WAS NO CHANCE FOR YOU TO GET HURT...

I CANNOT WAIT WHILE ONE WRETCH MOURNS ANOTHER...

I MUST SOLVE THE RIDDLE OF THE HAUNTED GIRL...
Swiftly and silently, the Ghost Rider investigates the flaming stairway. Mummy, I see how that was done. A metal strip running down the steps, dusted with gunpowder, and set off by a match...

That's an odd place for a chandelier... I'll tug it just to...

What's that?

Sliding panels in the wall, a greased rope that drops from a groove in the ceiling, a block and pulley, and the chandelier for a control... that explains the flying skeleton!

So! A magic lantern projected those awful faces. Clever—but for what evil purpose? Why should someone be trying to drive the poor girl mad?

Suddenly the silence is broken by the scream of the fear-crazed girl—

Now to rip the web of this mystery!

In Rosalind Prescott's room—

Come with me! Please, please, not again...

Why does the Ghost Rider hesitate? Why does he turn back to the stairway...?
THE WRETCH IN THE GARDEN - IF MY LUCK HOLDS, HE'LL STILL BE THERE...

YOU AGAIN! GOOD - NOW I CAN Avenge FANS!

LISTEN TO ME. I DID NOT KILL FANS! I AM FROM THE GRAVE - A GHOST SENT TO COMBAT EVIL. LISTEN...

FOR FANS! I'LL KILL YOU FOR...

THE COWLED MONK SENT YOUR DOG TO HIS DEATH! EVEN NOW, INSIDE THE HOUSE, HE IS FLOATING. LEAD THE WAY AND WE WILL CALL HIM TO ACCOUNT!

YOU'RE RIGHT. HE TOLD Me TO POST FANS IN THE GARDEN.

HUGO! HUGO! GET BACK!

FANS IS DEAD, AND NOW YOU'RE GOING TO JOIN HIM.

I WANT TO BE ABLE TO SEE YOUR REAL FACE WHILE YOU'RE DYING!

FATHER!

MY PLAN IS WORKING...!

RRRRRRRRPPPPPAPPPPP!!
YOU AND YOUR SCHEMES—POSING AS THE GIRL'S FATHER AFTER YOU KILLED HIM TWELVE YEARS AGO WHILE SHE WAS AWAY AT SCHOOL—AND ALL THESE GHOST TRICKS SO...

TOO BAD, HUGO—we worked well together... Too bad you had to lose your head over that blasted dog and expose me... I'll have to kill you all now...

THERE YOU ARE—ALL COMFORTABLE AND COZY—UNTIL THE SHERIFF COMES...

THE NEXT DAY—THANK HEAVENS THE NIGHTMARE IS OVER, MR. FURY!

I'M MIGHTY GLAD THE GHOST RIDER CAME ALONG TO HELP YOU OUT, MISS PRESCOTT.
THE SHOW'S ON, GANG!

New! Super-Duper! Simply Terrific!

TELEVISION BANK

LIGHTS UP!
LIKE BIGGEST, COSTLIEST
TELEVISION SETS!
- SHOWS BRILLIANT PICTURES
  IN FULL COLOR!
- HITS EVERY TELEVISION
  HIGH... FIGHTS AND ALL!
- THRILLS YOU AND YOUR
  FRIENDS POP-EYED!
- AND... MAKES YOUR
  SAVINGS MOUNT UP FAST!

ALL-STEEL CONSTRUCTION
ONLY $1.98
COMPLETE WITH
BATTERY AND BULB!

Nobody ever before set their excited
eyes on anything so terrific as this
amazing new Television Bank! Your
whole gang will be begging you for a
look at this new midget wonder!

LIGHTS UP THE MINUTE YOU DROP
A COIN! Just click a penny, nickel, dime
or quarter into top slot. Instantly your
grand new Television Bank lights up
—in a big, Big way! In a split second,
the screen leaps into dazzling life!

AND WOW! WHAT A PICTURE!
Whether you go for “zowie” shows
(fights and such) or want a dream
dance-team or zippy cartoon, you’ve
got them—and MORE—right on this
miraculous Television Bank! What’s
more, shining convex lens over screen
gives you the brightest, clearest, pic-
tures yet!

TURN OF KNOB SHOWS NEXT EXCIT-
ING PICTURE! When you’ve looked
your admiring fill at one picture, just
turn center knob for next thrill-packed
“show.” Light goes out automatically
as new picture appears! To light new
picture, bank another coin. No less
than SIX exciting pictures in all—a
gight, dramatic dance team, tense
rodeo scene, hilarious cartoon, swell
figure skater and circus clown with
his trick dog!

PUTS YOU”IN THE MONEY”—AND
FAST! Your savings pile up PLENTY
FAST—and with this marvelous new
Television Bank! None of your
friends, relatives or chance visitors
can resist depositing enough to see the
complete show! And with SIX won-
derful pictures to see—you bank
REAL MONEY just for letting them
look!

IT"S A MONEY—IN EVERY DETAIL!
You’ll be the envy of all your friends
with grand new Television Bank! A
console model, it’s an exact miniature
of the most expensive sets. Complete
even to the handsomely painted-on
speaker grille and dial! All metal
ruggedly built, bank, 4½” x 4”, has
smart mahogany finish. Automatic
screen light or color control, great,
replaceable battery. COMPLETE TO
DELIGHT YOU! Comes complete with
bath, battery and strong
key for opening and emptying out
your wealth of savings.

BE THE FIRST IN YOUR CROWD TO HAVE THIS WONDERFUL
NEW TELEVISION BANK!

SEND NO MONEY! ORDER YOURS TODAY!

SEAGEE CO., Dept. ME-5
2 Allen Street, New York 2, N. Y.

- Please rush me my TELEVISION BANK. I agree to pay
  postman $1.98 plus few cents postage with understanding
  that if I am not delighted I may return bank in 3 days for
  full refund of purchase price.

Name:  
(Please Print Plainly)

Street:  

City:  
Zone:  
State:  

1 enclose $1.98. You pay postage. Same money-back guarantee.

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TERRIFIC VALUE: New, deluxe RICH-TONE material looks like LEOPARD SKIN! Gives beauty and distinction
to your car. Adds new life to old, worn in-
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through durable, stretchy, rubberized material.
SPECIAL: 49c for 3 dozen. For only 99c, order a
total of 1 score, and we'll send you an extra pair.

RUBY ARMY RING
295
SOLID SILVER
NO. 3
Big! Heavy

SUBMARINE
THE WATCH OF THE ATOMIC AGE
NOW YOURS at an unbelievable LOW PRICE — the timepiece of the Atomic Age! The SUBMARINE watch actually DEFIES BREAKAGE! A special SHOCK ABSORBER invention protects the balance staff or “heart” of your watch against shocks, rough handling, dropping! It even runs UNDER WATER! Unlike old fashioned watches, the case is SCREWED TIGHT and a special GASKET helps keep out water, grime and dust. The accurate JEWELLED movement is PRECISION-MADE by Swiss Artisans. So handsome and THIN — yet so rugged! Why waste your money in an ugly, inferior and poorly made watch that breaks down easily? For only a few cents more than the CHEAPEST wrist watches you can be the proud owner of a SUBMARINE watch for yourself or friends! Yours to try . . . at OUR risk! Enjoy this wonderful timepiece without risk or obligation for you. Wear it for 10 days. See for yourself how attractive it looks! Observe its many QUALITY features, such as: Red Sweep-Second Hand, Split-Second calibrations, Unbreakable Crystal! See how the numbers and hands seem to "LIGHT UP" at night. Swim with it if you like! Drop it! Test it for accuracy! You can spend many times as much and not get ALL these great features! Yes, try it, test it, compare it — without risk! You be the judge! Full price back if not delighted! You just can't lose!

SEND NO MONEY!
Pay postman only 76c on arrival, NO EXTRA! This price includes ALL tax and mailing costs. FREE of extra cost — "U.S." FLEX METAL BAND and our UNLIMITED GUARANTEE Certificate exclusive of parts. Never one cent for skilled labor service! RUSH order now! Rising costs may force us to withdraw this sensational offer. You have NOTHING to lose and everything to gain!